

## II Marchese

*mf* Turn this fel - low out,

and grieve not for the few crowns you may lose.

*mf* You \_\_\_\_\_ owe it to your - self to do this thing.

I say so - I! *rit.* and I will back you up.

*rit.* Horns

## Bianca

*f a tempo*

How kind you are! ——— How fine to

*f a tempo*

*dim.* *p*

have Such cham - pi - ons as you, ———

*dim.* *p*

*mf*

but gen - tle - men, In this I ask no help;—

*mf*

*rit.* (enter Fabricio) *p* Bianca

Trust me, I know just what to do. Leave me now, I pray,

*rit.* *p*

*rall.*

Here is Fa-bri-cio. I thank you for your ad - vice.

*rall.*

(exeunt Il Conte and Il Marchese)

Fabricio (coming forward)

*mf*

A - gainst my will

*rall.*

*mf*

I showed him to his room, O - be - dient to your

nod. I'm read - y now To show him - to the

*rit.*

*rit.*

## Allegro moderato

*mf* Bianca

door. Nay, nay in - deed! But that would

*p*

nev-er do! Show him in -

*p*

stead the ut-most cour-te - sy. What! why, where's your

*mf* Fabricio

spir - it? Must you en - dure such dom - i - nat - ing airs?

*cresc.*

What means this change? You were not wont to brook A scorn-ful tone.

*cresc.*

Is it Il Con - te or Il Mar - che - se?

*mf*

*rall.* *a tempo* *mf* Bianca

Hast tak-en *their* ad - vice?— And if I

*f* *rall.* *p a tempo*

have, Fa - bri - cio, why not?

*f*

*Poco meno*

*p*

Who should ad - vise\_\_ me bet-ter than my two kind pa - trons?

*Fabrizio* *mf* They're not\_\_\_\_\_ your friends, *Bianca* Bi-an - ca. Yes.

*a tempo*

*mf*

*Fabrizio* But I say no! Sure-ly you should not seek friends a-bove your

*mf*

*Più moderato*

*p*

sta - tion. What would your

*f* *mf* *rall.* *espr.* *p*

fa - ther say? That kind old man, Whose dy-ing wish\_

*mf*

*mf* (Bianca turns

- it was that you\_ and I should learn to love each oth - er!

*dim.*

away impatiently) (persuasively)

Turn not a-way Pa-tience, I pray.

*mf*

Bianca

Peace, good Fa - bri - cio. I am too young

*p*

To think o'er-much as yet \_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_ love and \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*

mar - riage. Re-mem-ber that my fa - ther laid on

*f* *p*

me an - oth - er charge. He \_\_\_\_\_ loved this \_\_\_\_\_ inn. \_\_\_\_\_

Here \_\_\_\_\_ he found Hap - pi - ness. \_\_\_\_\_

*pp* Harp (arpeggio) *espr. rit.*



## Tempo di Minuetto

*p*

"You'll find it too," he said, "If you pur -

*p*

sue the eas - y kind - ly laws That gov-erned me:

*p*

Speak fair to one and all; Wel-come wear - y trav-'lers

*mf*

with a smile; To high and low a - like, be kind, And

*mf*

count the day a fail - ure when a guest shall leave the inn dis - sat - is -

*mf*

*rall.* *a tempo*

fied. ——— Al - ways strive to keep a friend," he said,

*dim.* *a tempo*

*rall.* *p*

*mf*

"No task is too hard; So do your du - ty well, nev - er flag - ging -

*mf*

*Recit.*

thus joy is found?" Go now and fetch a

*più moto*

*senza rit.* *f*

flask of wine for our dis-tin-guished guest.

I must to my i-ron-ing. Hear but a

*Fabricio*  
*mf* *3*

*con moto*  
*p*

word, Bi-an-ca. Not now an-oth-er time;

*Bianca (impatiently)*

*f*  
*fp*  
*mf*

You are my ser-vant, there-fore, please o-bey.

*rit.*  
*Meno mosso*  
*rit.*

**Fabricio (humbly)**

*p*

I'm proud to do so — that you know full

(going) (then returns) **Moderato** (*aggressively*)

well. But why the *best* lin-en for this

*con moto*

New-com-er? The wine per-haps, the Hon-or of the House de-mands as much;

**Bianca** **Fabricio (starts to go)**

but why— Fa - bri - cio, please! I go.

*a tempo*

(returning) **Fabricio (persistently)**

But if he be rude a - gain

*rit.* *p*

**Poco meno**  
**Bianca (disarmingly)**

I prom-ise you I'll cry to you for help. \_\_\_\_\_

*p* *rit.*

Will that suf-fice? He'll not be rude. I'll see\_ to\_ that; please

*rit.*

*a tempo* (Exit Fabricio) (Bianca goes to linen-closet, prepares ironing-board thro' the following)

go. \_\_\_\_\_

*a tempo* *rall.*

**Moderato** **Bianca** (pouting)

*p* Why is Fa-bri - cio *mf* so eas - y to dis - arm? \_\_\_\_\_

*p* *mf*

*accel.* Did he but scold in - stead of meek - ly plead - ing, I dare - say he'd make *accel.*

*a tempo*

*rit.* quick - er pro - gress; *p* Did he but scold In - stead of meek - ly

*rit.* *a tempo* *p*

*cresc.* plead - ing, I dare swear He'd make the quick - er in - road in my *f*

*cresc.*

heart... Yet who can say? The Cav-a-lie-re scolds: yet

*p*

here I am firm bent to make him change his haugh-ty tone; And

*cresc.* *f* *p*

so, sweet, snow-y, dra-per-y — with your

*cresc.*

aid, I will be-guile him! (spreading cloth on ironing-board)

*rit.* *f* *a tempo* *rall.*

*f rit.* *Horns* *Str.*

## Moderato con moto

*p* The love \_\_\_\_\_ so true \_\_\_\_\_ in dear Fa-bri - cio's

*mf* Horn

*p* pizz.

*simile*

*senza Ped.*

heart \_\_\_\_\_ Should wake in mine \_\_\_\_\_ the longed-for fond re-

*mf* *p* *pp*

ply: \_\_\_\_\_ In sweet \_\_\_\_\_ sur - ren - - der glad - ly would I

*rit.* *a tempo*

*mf* *p* *pp*

*rall.* *f* *p*

bow \_\_\_\_\_ Would he but dare to be more bold. \_\_\_\_\_ La,

*frall.* *p*



*a tempo*

la, la, la, la, la, — la, la, — la, la, la, la. —

*rall.*

**Allegretto** (Fabricio returns with the wine and iron)

*p*

**Fabricio**

The wine is here; — Here is the

*p* *f*

(Fabricio attempts to take Bianca's hand, while she is ironing, but burns himself with the iron)

iron.

*mf* *ff* *animato* 8

**Bianca**

Best take care! The i-ron is

hot; Ah, poor Fa - bri - cio, will it

leave a scar? The

**Fabricio**

scar is here, Bi - an - ca, in my heart, A scar that

*Andante con moto*

The score is a musical score for a scene featuring Bianca and Fabricio. It is written in 9/8 time and B-flat major. Bianca's part is in the upper staves, and Fabricio's part is in the lower staves. The piano accompaniment is in the middle staves. The score includes lyrics and musical notation with various dynamics and articulations.

**Dynamics and Articulations:**

- f* (forte)
- mf* (mezzo-forte)
- p* (piano)
- rall.* (rallentando)
- dim.* (diminuendo)
- Cl.* (Crescendo)

**Tempo:** *Andante con moto*

(as she)

*mf* you a-lone can heal: Ah, flout me not!

turns away)

Nor rank, nor wealth have I to of - fer you, on - ly my heart's full

*mf* wor - ship, — on - - ly love so deep that I can scarce be-

lieve — It wakes — no an - swer-ing ech-o in your breast.. *p*

*p*

*con passione mf*

My two arms long to

*pp* *Ob.* *mf animato*

*cresc.*

clasp you to my heart! My fin - gers itch to twine a-mongst your hair!

*cresc.*

*f* *Meno mosso*

Your sweet pro-vok - ing smile drives me be - yond my - self.

*p*

I must con-trol. I'll calm my-self, Bi-

*rit.* *f a tempo*

an - ca, Have no fear, I will be calm — for your dear

sake. — My woo-ing will be ten - der — And yet, — my

love, — my on - ly love, Bi - an - ca, —

Hear me! Ah, flout — me not, — My

*mf* *p* *più animato* *mf* *cresc.* *mf più animato* *cresc.* *p* *cresc.* *cresc.* *p*

*ff* *dim.*

heart's de - sire, My one de -

*ff* *Cl.* *dim.*

*mf* *rall.*

vo - tion, Dear - est One, Be - lov - ed! Fa-bri-cio of - fers

*mf* *rall.*

*ff*

all his life.

*ff*

*Bianca* (peevishly) *mf*

No more! I want no woo - ing! none at

*f* *p*

all! I'm wea-ried with it all! Is't not e -

*p*

*p*

nough That to the Con - te and d'A - mal - fi

both I al - ways must put on a smil - ing face, No

*f*

*mf*

*f*

*mf*

mat - - ter how un - wel - - come their\_ at -

ten - tions, But you too needs must pes - ter me?

I must per - force tread war - i -

ly with them, But not with you; I

want no woo - ing! None at all;



*cresc.*

I'm wea - - ry of it all —

*cresc.*

*f*

(angrily)

Be - gone! —

*ffz* *ffz* *p*

— I've work to — do; now cease your fool - ish, fool-ish prate Of

*cresc.*

*ff* in strict time

love. Go! get me an - oth - er iron!

*ff*

Exit Fabricio (she looks after him disappointed)

I've work to do.

*Più allegro*

*rall.* *ff* *cresc.*

*Moderato*(resignedly) *p*

He o -

*espr.* *fff* *p*

beys, of course! Why could he not dis-cern how near I was to

*p*

*poco rall.*

yie'd - ing, When for a mo - ment he plucked up his cour-age!

*p* 3 3

*Moderato molto marc.* ***f***

I will not wed a man whom I can rule!

***fz*** ***fz*** ***p*** ***fp***

*Allegro* (enter Il Cavaliere hurriedly)

*Sul G* ***f*** *Str.* *rit.*

*Il Cavaliere* ***f***

How now?

***ffz***

what kind of inn is this? What or - der do ye keep?

Did I not say The finest linen

I must have? Good, my

lord, What finer linen could there be than this?

(indicating cloth)

Feel but its qual - i - ty, in - deed, — it is my best.

*p*

*p*

*f*

Il Cavaliere (gruffly)

'Tis well e - nough; I speak of

*f*

(perceives the table set for lunch) *in strict time*

that — a - bove. I have not or - dered

*ff*

*f* *R. H. (all the strings)*

Bianca

food. Nay, my lord, — You'll not re - fuse a — glass of wine For the

*p*

*Recit.*

*rit.*  
Hon - or of the House? *f* It was my *p*

*a tempo*

fa - ther's wont. An an - cient cus - tom -

*mf* Yet our wine Hap - ly may match it in re - spect of

Meno mosso *a tempo*  
age. *mf* Would you but gra - cious - ly be pleased to

Oboe

Meno mosso

taste it? I'd not dis - turb you with my pre - sence here,

Cl.

*mf a tempo*

But that the lin - en for your room must be pre - pared.

*mf*

*p*

(she serves him and he drinks - she stands modestly)

*rall.* *p* *dim.*

Tempo I II Cavaliere (in a harsh forbidding manner)

Give heed! and hear me - once for all.

*f*

*poco marc.*

*p* Violas and Celli

While I re - main here, if I do re - main,

Your men — can wait on me. I want no

fool - - ish pet-ti-coats a - round. You may pre-

pare the lin-en! That's all a wo-man's fit



Moderato

(surprised) *p*

for. You smile and look well pleased! Ex -

*p* Cl. *espr.*

Bianca (with enthusiasm)

plain! Ah, Ec - cel - len - za, could you but

Ob. *mf*

Allegro moderato

ap-pre-hend How wel - come are your blunt, straight-for-ward

words Com - pared with all the soft - spo - ken speech I'm forced to

*p*

lis - ten to: be - cause, for - sooth I am a wo - man.

*mf*

**Il Cavaliere**

You'll get no hon-eyed words from me. The man who's whee - dled by a

*f* Wind *mf* Str.

round - ed cheek Or moved to pit - y by a brim - ming eye Is a weak

**Bianca** **Il Cava-**  
**liere**

fool. You give him no re - spect. — Oh, no, no, no. You

*f* Hns. & Wood

Bianca

would not use your eyes To in-flu-ence your cus-tom-ers? O

*mf*  
Str.

Il Cavaliere  
(sternly)

nev - - - er! No in - deed! Then

(pointing to her earrings)

why these gauds! Those trin-kets in your ears? Do

*f*

they bear out your claim that you would have your

*mf*

guests for-get You are a wo - man? Pah! you are all a - like!

*R. H.*

*Bianca*

How right you are! how ver - y, ver - y

*f.*

right! I'll take them off at once; I did but put them on to please,

*p*

- Not in the sense that you mean - I on - ly thought If I re -

*mf*

fused them I might give of - fense; I see that I was wrong -

*poco lento* But since my fa - ther died -

(pretending to struggle with her emotion)  
I have had none to coun - sel me.

(braces up) I'll not give way. That would be just like a wo-man. My very

grate - ful thanks, The lin - en must be

*p* *p* *senza rit.*

**Il Cavaliere**

ironed. Nev - er mind the sheets now!

*mf* *mf* Horn

**Bianca**

Make out my bill; I'll pay for what I've had. O

*cresc.*

**Il Cavalière (taking out his purse)**

no — I could not take it! I in - sist!

*f* *ff* *p*

## Andante

(Bianca puts her left arm up to her eyes as if she were crying,  
her right hand still holds the iron)

*p*

No, no! I will not!

Viol. Solo

*p* *cresc.*

you have not the right To hurt me so - I have not Deserved that

*p*

you should put this Slight up - on my inn. I must not

*rall.*

*cresc.* *rall.*

(irons - sobbing)

weep.

*p* *rit.* Solo Viol.

**Allegro** (Bianca pretends to burn herself with the iron)**Il Cavaliere**

Celli

(Bianca screams)

What?

*ff*

Bianca

My hand - the iron - I can-not bear it.

(Sinks into a chair, apparently fainting, wrapping her apron round her hand)

**Il Cavaliere**

Hast

**Moderato** (she only moans faintly)

burned thy-self? Is it so pain-ful then? Come, show me.

*pp*



*p* (He is very  
Nay, 'twill be bet-ter soon I did not mean to be harsh. -

*p*  
R. H.

awkward and uncomfortable)

*p*  
Here, - nev-er mind the wine; If it dis-tress you so, I will not

(She smiles very faintly) (Il Cavaliere continues to himself)

pay. Who would have thought 'twould ag-i-tate her so?

*espr.*  
*p*

(He puts his hand near the iron, - - - stops, - - - a look of surprise on his

Per-haps I was ab-rupt.

face, - - he gingerly touches the iron)

(He turns quickly and looks at her.)

(Her eyes are shut)

*p* 'Fore Heav'n, it is cold The

*pp* *pp*

Clart's.

iron, I say, is cold! A trick!

Allegro (♩.)

*f* Now this de - cides

me! I leave this inn at once.

*ff*

(Il Cavaliere starts hurriedly to go, - - then turns back and looks at her hard.)

*Più allegro*

*f*

*Più lento*

*Bianca (very faintly)* (He crosses (*L*) slowly. She opens her eyes and watch-

'Twas hot but not - so hot! —

es him. Just as he is about to exit by the door he turns and looks at her again. Her eyes are closed. He then leaves abruptly. Bianca opens her eyes, sits up and unwraps her hand. She looks at the door where Il Cavaliere went off, then wets her finger and puts it on the iron, shows that the iron is cold.)

*mf*

*f*

*Andante*

*p*

Now why did I not think of that? 'Tis all Fa -

*p r. h.*

*p*

bri - cio's fault! He should have brought the oth - er iron... Still I *should* have

thought. Now this will make my task Some-what less eas - y.

He knows My burned hand was a pre - text; There-fore I must ad -

*poco mosso*  
mit it; Yes, it was be - cause I felt a-bout to

swoon, I was so hurt by his sever - i - ty, And dread - ed to in -

*mf*

cur the just reproach Such weak - ness would be sure to draw from him;

*a tempo*  
There - fore pre - tend - ed to be

*Cl.*

*rit.*

*p a tempo*

hurt When in re - al - i - ty The hurt was here. \_\_\_\_\_

*poco marcato*

*mf*

Ay now *that* should work. When he thought me in pain,— He

*mf*

soft - en'd quite per - cep - ti - bly; Be - sides, he'll be — so — glad Be-cause his

*cresc.* *f* *dim.*

*rall.*

clev - er-ness had found me out.

*rall.* *Ob.* *p* *espr.*

**Allegro** *senza rit.*

Some-one is com-ing; per-haps he is re -

(arranges herself in a becomingly swooning attitude and closes her eyes)

turn-ing. He'd bet-ter find me faint - ing.

*f*

(Enter Carlo) (Carlo approaches Bianca, notes that her eyes are shut)

*Allegretto grazioso*

*mf*

(Carlo coughs. Thinking it is Il Cavaliere, Bianca opens her eyes languidly: seeing it is only Carlo she sits up in matter-of-fact way.)

*poco meno*

Cl.

*p*

Horns

(nonchalantly)

O it is you! What is it that you wish?

*f*

## Moderato

Carlo

Il Cav-a - lie - re bid me say to you He is a - bout to

leave; he does not wish To see you a - ny more, but sends you

(shows her a small flask of gold)

this: He bade me tell you it con - tains a

cor - dial Sov - 'reign for swoons: if your swoon was



(she bridles)

real, But if you made pre - tense the

flask, Which is of gold, —

will com - pen - sate For all your trou - ble and dis - ap -

point-ment. Those were his words. How

(proffers flask) Bianca

(who has listened with growing anger)

dare he thus in - sult me - does he in -

sin - u - ate - Wait, wait! he not so vexed, What tho' your swoon were

Carlo Recit.

feigned? My mas - ter's not of - fend - ed; look you now, 'Twas all said

*mf*

laugh - ing - ly. He laughed! Ay, heart-i - ly, I'll

Bianca (angrily) Carlo

*f* *f* Tpts.

war-rant you In high good hu - mor. See, the flask is

gold. (gives it to her)

**Allegro** Bianca (furiously) (flings it into basket of linen to Carlo's consternation)

Tell him I scorn his gift! Tell him I flung it there

and that I wish 'twas in his face! Tell him I'm glad — he's

*cresc.* *ff*

go - ing! that I Would he had nev - er come! —

*cresc.* *ff* *ff*

(crossing to door (R), crying with rage)

*ff*

*molto rall.* *Allegro*

Tell him — he ought — to be a - shamed! —

*ff* *ff*

(Bianca exits) Carlo

Wait, one

(bewildered he scratches his head,

mo - ment - Gone! Poco lento

*ff* *Sva bassa* *Ob.* *p*

then turns and picks up flask) Recit. (turns and looks after her)

'Tis sol - id gold. I *told* her it was gold!

Now what pos - sessed her?

What am I to do? I

Flute *mf*

*con moto* *cresc.*

must per - suade her to take it. My mas - - ter

*p* *cresc.*

(going)

nev - er would brook To have his gift re - turned.

*espr.* *rit.*

(enter Il Marchese (C). He sees the flask in Carlo's hand and at once attracted by anything of value, ap -

*Allegretto giocoso*

*Viol. I* *mf*

proaches)

*Il Marchese* *Carlo*

What have you there, my friend? 'Tis for Bi -

an - ca, Ec-cel-len-za, from Il Ca - va - lie - re -

*p*

Violas

(Carlo goes to door (*R*). Stands back as it opens and Il Conte appears, then exit Carlo. Il Conte is angry and excited.)

Sol - id gold.

*p* Brass

*pp*

Allegro moderato

Il Conte

*mf*

Bi - an - ca is in tears! Be -

*mf*

cause, for - sooth, Il Ca - va - lie - re's leav - ing.

She would not look at me! Answer me short!

A thing she's nev - er done be - fore. Mar - che - se you were

wrong! I knew how it would be! His ruf - fian

airs and dom - i - neer - ing ways Have made al - read - y on Bi - an - ca's



heart Deep - er im - pres - sion than all — our —

*p* *mf*

kind - ness - es, We've both been wrong! We have

**Il Marchese**

treat - ed her too well! "His ruf - fian ways?" Be

not too sure of that:

*f*

*p* (mischievously)

Wind His ser - vant whom you - pass'd but

*fp* *pp*

now Was bear - ing her a gift from him of sol - id gold! —

*cresc.* *in strict time*

— I ven - ture it will dry her tears, And if he leaves, he'll

*cresc.*

*Il Conte*

speed - i - ly re - turn. He'll not find me here,

*f* *ffz p*

if he do re - turn! We ——— have let her make too

*p* *p* *cresc.*

sure of us: Let us as -

*f* *3*

(Il Marchese, who is equally sorry, but less explosive)

sert our-selves! Let us — leave! Both of us!

*f*

than Il Conte looks startled and uncertain.  
Il Conte continues eagerly)

She turned her back on me! She'd do the

*ff*

same to\_ you. That's true; \_\_\_\_\_ she'd do the same to

*Il Marchese* (reflectively)

*p*

me. Then let us leave! And not come

*Il Conte* *Il Marchese*

Violas *cresc.* Celli Violas

back a - gain? I say not that - but let her

*mf* *Il Conte*

Fl. *p* Viol. II Viol. I *cresc.* Viol. II

think We're nev - er com - ing back. 'Twill serve her

*cresc.*

Viol. I *mf* *cresc.*

*ff* *rall.* *f*

right. — What say — you,

*ff* *rall.*

Moderato

*p*

friend? Had but my steward sent the rents —

*p*

Moderato

*p* *sec.* *p*

My purse is emp - ty - But mine is

full! with your per - mis - sion My - self will

be your Bank - - er for the nonce. Come, come, Marche - se,

do not hes - i - tate: Ours is a com - mon cause!

*Il Marchese* *mf* A - greed then! I ac - cept. *Il Conte* Bra - vo, my

(tosses purse on table) Friend, take an - y sum you wish. (As Il Marchese and Il Conte are busied with

money, enter Il Cavaliere (L), as Carlo comes (R) with flask which he offers Il Cavaliere)

Il Cavaliere

*Moderato e maestoso* How

*f* *cresc.* *f*

Carlo (deprecatingly)

now? Your par - don, Ec - cel - len - za, Bi -

*marcato* *p* *f* *p*

an - ca bid me say That if she take this flask it smacks of

*f* *p*

pay - ment for the wine. She says you gave your word -

*ff*

**ff** Il Cavaliere (enraged)

What! Does the jade re - fuse? Tell her it is a

*mf* *ff* *mf*

Carlo

gift. I did, my lord In - so - lence! She has

*ff* *mf*

Il Cavaliere

Il Conte (glad of an excuse to quarrel)

tak - en gifts be - fore! From those who treat - ed her with cour - te - sy

*p* *p*

**ff** Il Cavaliere (beside himself with rage)

But not from boors! You call me boor? You lie!

*ff* *ff* *ff*